

JOURNAL AND UNION.

Hannibal, Mo., September 25, 1851.

JOURNAL AND UNION.

OFFICE ON BIRD STREET, BETWEEN FIRST AND MAIN.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL AND UNION.

IN ADVANCE, \$1 00
 If not paid within 6 Months, \$1 50
 If not paid within 12 Months, \$2 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The following are the rates of Advertising in the Journal and Union:
 One square, of 12 lines or less, one insertion, one dollar; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Cards not exceeding six lines, per year, \$5. One square per year, without alteration, \$10; one fourth of a column, \$15; half a column, \$20; a whole column, \$30.
 All notices, except marriages and deaths, will be charged as advertisements.

Agents for the Journal and Union.

St. Louis Agent.

Louis P. Payson, No. 127 N. Fourth st.
 St. Louis, Mo., is our authorized Agent to obtain Advertisements and Subscriptions, collect Accounts, &c.

W. E. Storer, Memphis, Scotland Co., Mo.
 Wm. N. Penn and W. B. Teyman, of Fair, Mo.
 R. H. Buchanan and John A. Quarles, of Florida.
 Thomas E. Thompson, of Palmyra.
 Wm. O. Young, of New London.
 E. L. Canterbury, of Mexico.
 Mrs. Blakey, of Clinton.
 Postmasters are requested to allow us to add them to the list.
 The above named gentlemen are authorized to give receipts for money due this Office.

CANDIDATES.

WE are authorized to announce J. F. JACKSON as a candidate for Sheriff, at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce B. M. HAWKINS as a candidate for the office of City Marshal at the approaching election.

We are authorized to announce the name of A. CURTIS as a candidate for the office of City Marshal, at the approaching election.

HANNIBAL, SEPT. 16th, 1851.

To the Editor of the Union.
 If JOSEPH DUBBING will consent to be a candidate a second time for the office of City Marshal he will receive very gratifying evidence of the esteem his past services have won from

MANY VOTERS.

We are authorized to announce R. J. BRADLEY as a candidate for Sheriff of Marion county at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce J. L. HOIT as a candidate for the office of Recorder at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce WM. A. MADDOX as a candidate for Sheriff of Marion county at the ensuing election.

MAIL FACILITIES.—Audrain county is very poorly furnished with mail facilities. Of sixteen new subscribers to whom we send the paper this week, in that county, only three or four, we understand, are near a post office. Some of them are far from distant from any office. There are but two post offices between this city and Mexico; one is at New London, the other at Lick Creek. This is a bad state of affairs, and we hope the people on that route will forward petitions for more offices as soon as practicable. We feel interested in the matter, because the inconvenient postal arrangements in Audrain are a formidable difficulty in the way of extending our circulation in that county.

Monthly Periodical.

There is we believe, no work of the kind now published in the State, and the growing prospects of our city seems to designate Hannibal as the appropriate seat of such an undertaking. We wish to be the Pioneer, and see no reason why such a Periodical could not be liberally sustained. If published, it will be devoted chiefly to *Miscellaneous Poetry and Prose Literature*, and we particularly solicit the patronage of our lady friends. In view of success, besides editorial assistance, we have entered into arrangements, which will secure valuable original contributions. Our intention is to publish a paper of the same size of the weekly, and made up from the weeklies, as the St. Louis weeklies, from the dailies. None but special advertisements will be inserted. Proposed price to be seventy-five cents, with a liberal reduction to clubs. The thing, as yet, is merely a suggestion, and we desire a full expression of the feelings of our numerous friends, on the subject. Its consummation depends entirely upon the probability of success.

No sooner do we congratulate and shake hands with it for the expression of some orthodox sentiment in relation to the compromise, than, imagining we have caught it in some trap, it backs out, takes another tack, and vows it did not mean what it said.—*Courier*.

We have never, in a single instance, retracted what was once said, notwithstanding we say a great many things which the *Courier* calls "sheer nonsense." If all our neighbors say is not "sheer nonsense," a part, at least, is useless. Every body knows about these rickety traps.—They will scarcely hold themselves together, much less the game they are set to catch.

We almost despair of keeping it (the Union) upon the compromise track.—*Courier*.

According to this, we are so true to the Compromise, that it requires very little to "keep it on the track," or the Herculean effort of forcing us into its support can be accomplished by very insignificant means.

W.'s "Flasher" possess much merit, but require alteration and corrections that we have not time to make.

The Cape Girardeau Eagle recommends Gen. N. W. Watkins, of Cape Girardeau, as the Whig candidate for Governor at the next August election.

"How could there be a commitment on a contingent issue?" Cannot a man commit himself upon a "contingency" just as strongly as without one if he makes the contingency known?—Is a contract less a contract because it has a contingent provision?

It would be more fortunate for the *Courier*, after the position it takes, could it as easily persuade its readers as itself. The question "How could there be a commitment on a contingent issue?" involves too much of importance, to be met, as it was, by ridicule instead of argument. If the former gain anything in exchange with the latter, it can only be as the last resort of a weak cause; as there may be a "peep" in ever man's life when he is willing to "catch at a straw."

Our positions are ridiculed—"sheer nonsense!" indeed!—but we care very little for naked assertions. They have about the same show of importance, as a doubtful note, without a reliable endorser. Proof is the only thing, in our eyes, that gives dignity to assertion, and if language express any thing, we see nothing to induce us to abandon the position assumed—that there can never be a "commitment on a contingent issue." Commitment bears on its face the fact, that something has been done, that some preliminary step has been taken, which cannot be recalled. This involves a positive act, and to speak of a positive act, being affected by a fortuitous event, a "contingent issue," is nothing more or less than a perversion of terms. That the contingency is known and expressed with regard to the issue, so far from weakening adds much strength to our position, since it shows conclusively that in the mind of the individual, there existed at the time, a consciousness of utter impossibility to make a positive promise (commitment) whose fulfillment depended on something that might never take place. Just so in the case of Scott. As he is, we will not support him; if he become the advocate of the Compromise, and then the nominee of the convention, we will support him. By way of further illustration, we throw two pairs of dice, which would our neighbor stake the larger sum on—the one when the "issue" depends entirely upon the contingent chance, or the other, skillfully loaded, where the "issue" is certain?—The former is a "contingent issue" the latter a positive issue. Yet we are induced to suppose, from his remarks, that he would make no difference between the two. But what is still more preposterous, "Is a contract less a contract because it has a contingent issue?" Now the very idea of "a contingent provision" precludes the possibility of its being a contract, and clearly implies an action in the future. The individuals, attempting to negotiate the contract, can never accomplish it, and the contract is no contract "de facto" until the contingency is removed. As far as our knowledge goes, all contracts can be reduced to two classes—*Executed*, where the "right and possession pass" at the same time, and *Executory*, where the right passes "immediately" and the possession is in the future. If A, in consideration of one hundred dollars, consents to dispose of his horse to B, and delivers him at the time, the contract is executed, and both right of property and possession vest immediately in B, but if, on the other hand, A promise B to deliver the horse so long after date, A, at the moment, vests the right in B, but continues in possession, until the time agreed upon. All contracts must be certain, perfect and complete.

Will our neighbor dip us the favor just to peep at the argument without the use of a smoked glass?

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TIME'S CHANGES.—Six years ago, a memorial was drawn up in this city, and forwarded to the Legislature, soliciting a charter for the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. Some people then said that the whole thing was a humbug, got up to promote the interests of speculators. A great many opposed the project, some on one ground, some on other grounds. It was by many persons prophesied that the Road would never be commenced. We now see that it will be commenced; that on this matter there have existed false prophets in Missouri. It is true we cannot tell everything that will take place in the future, but we can say that the work will be commenced, and so far as human judgment is capable of deciding, with every prospect of a happy completion. Every body now has faith in the belief of final success.

THE TELEGRAPH.

For one, we are anxious to obtain telegraphic dispatches, during the coming Winter; but how the thing is to be done, is a mystery to us, just at present. The stockholders in this Telegraph office have been "taken in and done for," completely. In the first place, we were to be the direct line, that is, there was an understanding that the line was to pass through Hannibal, and thence to Quincy in the next place, we were charged about four times too much. Since the line has been in operation, it has been, almost without intermission, scandalously neglected and mismanaged; and now, the posts, having been made of any kind of wood that happened to come convenient, have rotted off and fallen down, nearly every one of them, for a distance of ten or eleven miles, out of the twenty-two,—this is not on overgrown lands, but high ground. People are carrying off the wire by piece-meal, and an enterprising ferry-man has doubled and twisted a lot of it into a cable, two hundred yards long, with which he assists himself back and forth across the river. We have these facts from a gentleman who has recently been along the line. We thought proper to call the attention of stockholders to the facts.

"The Union and the New York Coalition!" We will not follow the Union through all the points it has raised, as our space and the unimportance of the subject admonish us to be brief.

How unfortunate, the *Courier* was unable to discover the "importance of the subject," before expending its arguments! If our neighbor had only thought to have used fewer and stronger arguments about this "New York Coalition," he would not have been forced—for want of space—to overlook the "Benton and Anti-Benton Coalition."

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE, for October, is received. It has some very fine engravings, and many wood cuts representing Scriptural scenes. Price, \$3.00.

STORM AT NEW LONDON.—Last Thursday afternoon, New London was visited by a heavier rain than has fallen there for three years. During the storm the chimney at the north end of Mr. Smith's hotel was struck by lightning, and considerably damaged; the shingles around it on the roof were torn off, some plastering on the inside thrown down, the hearth ripped up, and the floor blackened but no person injured, though every one in the house felt the shock.

"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."—This is a "world of change," and although we can hardly say there is a world of "change" in our city, at present; yet there are some things in it that do change, and among the notable things we reckon the editor of the *Courier*. In relation to a certain subject, for instance, said editor used to talk in the following style:

First—there is the Higher Abolition Free-soiler; then there is the Freesoler proper; and lastly, there is the *Missouri Freesoler*, of the *Bates and Benton school*—who avow themselves in favor of the principle, but against its enactment in a particular instance as unnecessary. (Not as inexpedient or unjust).

Now, about the same party, the same editor speaks as follows:

The first question to be determined is, can the Democratic party of this State unite and harmonize again without a sacrifice of any one of the great principles of the party? We believe it can. In relation to all the principles of the Democratic party of the State and of the Union, there is no difference of opinion. So far as principles are concerned, then, there is now no Division in the Democratic party.

So the *Courier* has changed, but the Bloomington Gazette has not, and to show this, we quote a remark or two from that paper:

The St. Louis Times is in favor of a Mixed Convention, that is, Benton and Anti-Benton assembling together—smoking the calumet of peace—and to act in concert in making nominations. We can never consent to go in any such Convention with our present understanding. Political feeling is too high, and the difference upon principle too great to be smothered down into a union that will prove satisfactory. Such is our opinion.

IMMENSE WEALTH.—The following are names of citizens of St. Louis worth over \$300,000.—Lucas & Hunt are worth \$503,000; James H. Lucas, \$452,000; James Clemens, Jr., \$342,000; Thos. Allen, \$374,600; Octavia Boyce, \$310,000; J. B. Brant, \$312,600; Geo. Collier, \$441,000; Peter Lindell, \$420,000; Col. John O'Fallon, \$328,300; D. D. Page, \$427,500; Robert Tyler, \$337,000; Isaac Walker, \$307,500. The above only embraces properly assessed within the city limits. Col. O'Fallon, Mr. Lucas, Mr. James Clemens, Jr., and other wealthy citizens, own besides, estates of great value, outside of the city limits.

BRADY HOUSE.—This Hotel is advertised for rent. It is large and airy; situated on the corner of Main and Centre, in a locality convenient to the landing, and business parts of the city; and its reputation ranks among the first class hotels out of St. Louis.

LAGRANGE MISSOURIAN.—We have received the first number of this new Whig paper, published at Lagrange, Missouri, by Abernathy & Gilbert. It is printed neatly, on a large sheet, edited with spirit, and will no doubt do good service in the cause. We congratulate the people of Lagrange on their ability to support, and the disposition to encourage, such a paper as the *Missourian*. One sentiment put forth in their salutatory remarks, is worthy of special endorsement.

The official conduct of all incumbents in office will be freely commented on, but the private character of individuals will not be blazed to the public; we shall advocate whig measures, such as are calculated to effect most good to the greatest number, but what is called political or "news-paper quarrels" will not be found in the "Missourian," for, if people must quarrel, let them publish them in hand-bills. We have always thought it out of place to send political quarrels into private families, and embitter the social enjoyment of the fire side circle with abusive language about matters in which they feel no interest.

MR. OWENS.—In the New York Herald is a letter from a returned Cuban prisoner, named Philip S. Van Vechten, of New York. He denounces bitterly, the speculators who got up the expedition, concluding with the following paragraph:

There have also been, I understand, some reflections made on the conduct of our consul at Havana, Mr. Owens. At that time, Mr. Owens not only was unable to do anything to assist them—but, as I am informed and believe, was actually in danger himself, from the rabble of Havana, a guard of Spanish soldiers having been placed over his property and person, by order of the Captain General.

Prince de Joinville has been nominated as a candidate for the Presidency of the French Republic.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.—We have been favored by a friend, with the following, received in a letter from Natchez, Mississippi. It is an extra of the Natchez *Courier*, dated Sept. 6th.—This extra contains the only statement we have seen of the Mississippi election for the Convention. No wonder Gen. Quitman backed off the track!

MISSISSIPPI ELECTION!—FOR THE CONVENTION.

We give below, the majorities in the various counties named:

Counties.	Union.	Disunion.
Adams,	334	
Amite,	132	
Attala, (one of each.)		
Claborn,	255	
Hinds,	494	
Holmes,	252	
Jefferson,	89	
Lowndes,	181	
Madison,	40	
Pontotoc,	300	
Rankin,	142	
Tishomingo,	1500	
Scott,		150
Yalabush,	130	
Wilkinson,	82	
Winston, (one each.)		
Yazoo,	145	
Warren,	696	
Tallahatchie,	93	
Noxubee,	210	
Kemper, said to be	150	
Marion,	2	
Copiah,		8
Hancock,	17	
Carroll,	320	

We have also telegraphic despatches from the counties of Monroe, Tiptah, and Marshall, stating that the Union ticket had succeeded by large majorities in all three of those counties.

MOST PAINFUL INTELLIGENCE.

By telegraphic despatch this moment received, we learn that on yesterday, the 5th inst., at 4-1-2 P. M., at Oakland College, Claiborne Co., Dr. Jeremiah Chamberlain, President of the College, was stabbed by George A. Briscoe, and died in fifteen minutes. Of the cause leading to this most tragical result, we are as yet but imperfectly informed, and forbear to state further until more fully advised.

No more beloved man was at the head of any institution of learning in the country; and with a knowledge of the excellence of the man, and the indefensibility of his character, it is hard to assign motives inducing such an act.

CRIME IN ST. LOUIS.—A riot took place in St. Louis last Sunday afternoon. A fire company being refused admission to a ball, which was under full headway; Sabbath though it was—stormed the house. One woman was seriously injured. Those in the house fired upon the mob; who in return, would have "washed out" the insiders, but for the interference of the police. We see also chronicled by the newspapers, an arrest of a horse thief, a case of seduction and abduction, besides "daring burglaries," "attempts burglaries," and several cases of larceny.

INDIANA—Negro Exclusion.—The clause in the new Constitution prohibiting negroes from hereafter settling in that State, has been adopted by a majority of 90,000.

WANTED!

Nine bottles of Jules Huel's PATENT EYE WATER, for the benefit of our neighbor of the *Courier*, who suffers from such excessive weakness of the eyes, as to be compelled to use smoked glass, in order to scrutinize luminaries like himself!

LUNATIC ASYLUM.—We are requested to state, and hope this papers generally will notice the fact, that this Institution is not yet open for the reception of patients, neither public nor private.—*Fulton Telegraph*.

THE PROSPECT IN VIRGINIA.—A letter noticed in the Republic, from an intelligent gentleman in Prince Edward county, Va., says: I believe we are gaining ground. All that is now necessary is for the Whigs of the Union to unite on President Fillmore.

Rev. Ezra Ely, D. D., of Philadelphia, recently had a paralytic stroke, and was very low, at last accounts.

The following particulars of the murder of Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, President of Oakland College, Miss., are taken from a private letter: "It is said that Briscoe (not a student, as reported, but a dissipated and desperate character residing in or near Rodney) left Rodney on Friday, the 5th inst., armed with a revolver, two dirks and a loaded whip. He declared, before he left there, that he would kill some one before reaching home. When he arrived at Dr. Chamberlain's gate, he called him out and charged him with having expelled a certain young man on account of his political sentiments, who, for other reasons, had been recently dismissed from the College. Dr. C. denied the charge. Briscoe called him a liar and it is said that the Dr. replied, 'That remains to be proved.' B. then knocked him down with his loaded whip and stabbed him as he rose. He struck at Miss C. with his whip, as she ran past him to call for assistance. When the Dr's son-in-law came up, Dr. C. was standing. He walked to the house with his assistance, and there fell down and almost immediately died. Hearing Mrs. C. repeat the words 'Lord Jesus receive his spirit!' a smile lighted up his features, and with that his spirit passed away. What a good man has been taken from our midst! Briscoe stood at Dr. C's gate until he went into the house. He then drove rapidly to the next neighbor's and told them that he feared he had killed Dr. C., and urged them to go to his assistance. They thought he appeared very unhappy on account of the deed. He has since put an end to his own life, as is supposed by poison.—His body was found in a sequestered place, and though it had remained too long for examination, marks of congestion in the head and breast were evident."

From the circumstances, Briscoe must have been laboring under insanity, brought on by excessive drinking.

MORE WONDERFUL STILL!

TRANSLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE HANNIBAL JOURNAL AND WESTERN UNION.

MR. EDITOR:—By accident I got hold of a late French newspaper a few days since, from which I have attempted to translate the following article. The French Editor merely remarks in his heading—"Most wonderful if true." As for myself, I am prepared to express no opinion, but continually ask myself the question, "What may not Art and Science accomplish?"

I have had an adventure of the most marvelous character. So much, indeed, do the details I am about to make surpass the bounds of apparent truth and reason, that I feel well aware that I hazard my claims to veracity by making public my wonderful revelations. But when I remember how rapid is the advance of Science in the present day—how at one moment we are obliged to acknowledge as substantial fact, what but shortly before, we regarded as the wildest fiction, I am encouraged to proceed with the plain, unvarnished statement. Without further preface or apology, I venture upon the narrative, in the confident hope that whilst those heavy spirits which admit no truths but those that grope from upon me with cold incredulity, and sneer with contempt by the more ardent investigators into the arena of Nature.

To this latter class I myself profess to belong, and I have always taken much pleasure in such investigation and experiment. In September last, I was much occupied with the idea of aerial navigation, and stimulated by the efforts of others, in Great Britain and elsewhere, devoted much time to improvements on the balloon. Then on the morning of the 18th of September, I made an ascent which most unexpectedly led to the surprising results alluded to. My balloon was made of light but very substantial materials, and contrived from size and construction for the carriage of considerable weight. It was also designed for convenience, should I be so fortunate as to find myself able to regulate its motions and make long flights. On this particular occasion, having, as I supposed, brought my improvements to a state of perfection, I made preparation for a considerable aerial voyage, providing myself with some cold ham and bottled tongue, some crackers, a jug of water, three bottles of Madeira and a few of the morning papers, these last less for my own use than for the gratification of those among whom I might chance to descend. This accounted and provided, I committed myself to the balloon, and losing my hold upon the earth, without accident soon obtained what the sailors call a good giffing and plenty of sea room. My vessel being well filled, mounted rapidly and left the beautiful earth, rich with the hues of autumn, and gloriously lighted by the morning sun, far below. At this moment, joyful with anticipated success, and stimulated by the rapid flight and beautiful character. Desiring to check the rapid ascent, I drew upon the cord attached to a valve designed to let out some portion of the gas when necessary. The cord, imperfectly secured, gave way! This astounding accident left me entirely without recourse. My balloon was like a vessel driven by the tempest and destined to a rudder. What a revulsion of feeling! Triumph gave way to terror—hope to despair! My balloon, like the wild steed of Mazeppa, rushed madly on. The earth, either from falling sense or increasing distance, was fading from my sight. The air seemed too thin for the purposes of life; my breast heaved with the effort of respiration; the ensanguined froth flew from my mouth with every effort, and my heart strove to force its way from its casement—the cold was intense and increasing; a hydra-headed death seemed to stare me in the face. Every moment I looked for the balloon to explode in the attenuated atmosphere, but still it did not. I would have thrown myself to the earth to escape my torments, but could not make the necessary effort. At length the balloon seemed to lose its upward way; as well as I could judge, it was beaten about by counter currents like a ship in the horse latitudes. After some time however, it seemed to feel a more steady impulse, and sailed off to the eastward with a regular motion. My respiration became now somewhat relieved, and my mind somewhat calmed. Extremity of danger, or rather the hopelessness of my condition, produced a desperate resignation. The cold continued, and I supposed I should gradually become frozen.—The wine, one bottle of which I applied to my lips, was partly congealed. The balloon again changed its course, beginning to ascend with a gradually increasing rapidity, taking the direction of the moon, faintly visible in the heavens.

I was soon entirely above the region of clouds. My senses were becoming more and more oppressed—the sensation of cold was passing away—life seemed to concentrate and accumulate about the heart: such were my last physical sensations; my last recollection of external things, were the earth, almost entirely invisible, and the balloon still making a rapid flight toward the Moon. I passed into a state of entire insensibility. The recent scientific discoveries of Professor Goethe, have to myself, at least, satisfactorily explained my then condition; my life was suspended—not destroyed, by the gradual operation of intense cold. How long I thus remained, I have not yet sought to ascertain, and I have not now time to speculate upon the subject. The sensations attending my revival were similar to those related above, but of a reverse character. Unlike those, beginning with intensity and gradually declining. With natural physical sensation, consciousness and intellectual power returned. I fortunately recollected my situation before I made any great effort, otherwise I might have precipitated myself from the balloon. I was slowly approaching the earth, as I supposed, and already trees, houses, and cultivated fields became visible and distinct. Why my balloon descended, I did not then understand, as it was still fully inflated; still it came down slowly, and I could soon distinguish objects more clearly. I was approaching some unknown land—some quarter of the earth little known or described; every thing wore a strange aspect. I came still lower, and could distinguish more minute objects; I could see that I was observed, and that the people were moved by the wildest excitement; the sounds of life came to my ears; the mingled shouts of astonished man, and the various cries of the lower animals. Still lower, and the welcome atmosphere breathed by my fellow man regarded another sense. The breeze was loaded with the perfume of the fresh earth—I was still slowly descending, borne by the gentle wind, in the direction of a vast city which lay on a plain at the foot of a mountain. Though astonished at all I saw, I was by this time entirely self-possessed, and I made the necessary preparation to land and secure my balloon. I was carried directly over the city at a gentle height, and with a speed not exceeding three or four miles an hour, toward the side of the mountain. The astonishment my appearance seemed to excite, was inconceivable. The broad streets were crowded with the up-gazing population, and the tide of human life swelled in proportion to my progress, but each seemed now so wrapped up in his own internal wonder, that a universal silence hung over the city. At length I reached the hill side, and my balloon resting gently in some low bushes, I secured it to a neighboring tree. I still had no doubt but that I was on some unexplored portion of my native planet. The inhabitants, who by this time had gathered around me, although of very peculiar aspect, were a fine variety of the human race. Their manners too, were perfectly courteous, and their language, though unintelligible, was of soft and pleasant sound. When I had finished my operations, and folded my balloon, by gesture, they intimated a desire that I should go with them to the city. While on my way, we were met by another company of men, apparently having authority, as their dress was more uniform, their order more regular, and their commands were obeyed by the crowd; by whom I was immediately surrendered into the possession of the new comers. These continued to direct and escort me, without any rudeness whatever, through the streets until we approached an immense and most magnificent palace, which I had before noted and admired in my passage. After sundry delays and a passage through long ranges of splendid apartments, and a transfer at different points into the care of several different persons, I was at last ushered into a chamber of comparatively small dimensions and plain accommodations.—There were but three or four persons in the room, who all seemed to be occupied by some grave discourse.

(Conclusion next week.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF SONG.

Oh! there are days, when melody reigns supreme!
 And tones and trills produce great agitation!
 When ecstasy's fair fruits in highways teem,
 Or sentimental conflagration
 Burns out dulcet fumes and skillful scream!
 And vocal heroines tuneful nation,
 And cannot tread the avenue for people,
 But must to show themselves, mount up a steptop!

Heels and toes take the world by storm,
 Within the range of living recollection!
 Assisted, doubtless, by the outward form,
 And members scarce half-veiled from circum-
 spection.

To maintain the heart and fancy warm,
 To picture things that seem might meet objection!
 Then "all the rage," were bound and "minuetto,
 And dizzy waltz flounced round in Allegretto!"
 But their flitting, dainty rule is o'er!
 For the "Palladium" of song has flown from Sae-
 det.

With quavers, swells, appoggiatura store,
 To pour out rapture well belitting fortune!
 And throngs are mad to hear the Orphean lore,
 That music stocks have gained a wondrous speed
 in

Trade; and the garden people feel the intrusion
 Of the blade, their ranks are filled in such profu-
 sion!

"Fair-haired" is the enchantress of the cleft,
 With eon and dervan venture all poetic!
 And gentle smile for the Empress of such frolic!
 Of homage, soft oft tined to the "pathetic,"
 And piercing note, would almost ope the